We are Scientists
BRAIN
THRUST
MASTERY

fig. 1 (front cover): On the way to the party.

fig. 2: Showing the girls a great time.

AN INTRODUCTION.

The Jack Rose: Applejack; lemon; dribble of grenadine; iced or shaken. Jake Barnes has two at his hotel in Sevilla. The Murray-Cain: scotch, apple juice, grenadine, two-to-one-to-barely.

Invites to Havana, Oslo, Athens; to Moscow and Darfur, to sing the new pieces. A weekend at the lake in Como. Taipei. Invitations like coins jingling in our pockets, eventually lost, unspent, unmourned.

Drifting slowly between the islands, enough lamb and zinfandel brought on in Auckland to last into fall.

Perfunctory search for cufflinks abandoned to a gaze held too long. Their history to do with Napoleon's commander for the

fig. 3: Considering the stakes.

Lowlands, a gift from his mistress bearing her etched profile.

The tiles crumbling like chalk, so that one can identify fossils printed by women's stilettos that evening, dime-sized craters filled with the vibrating shadow shed by candles.

Candles' straining against darkness always seeming so tentative, an act of will.

And though one learns the wax binding his wings betrayed him, Icarus himself must long since have begun to doubt at the temperatures into which he plunged.

Swatting at the jutting lens of a paparazzo; the realization you know him, he may have worked for you at one point. And then wincing inwardly at the vulgarity of his shoes, which close with velcro and remind you of the shoes your son was wearing when you last saw him, though surely not anymore.

The knowledge that you won't ever call; relief at bumping up against absolutes, having found one of the jigsaw's walls.

Initially doubting the vintage but of course happy to recant when the vintner himself turns out to be at a nearby table.

A six-seat plane, silent, inside, as a library.

The low, jerking scrape as in the lot outside a Reno diner at six a.m. you park the Bugatti against a highway patrol car.

The raspy whisper of the needle gliding down dark empty canals toward another song.

fig. 4: Living life at 100 miles per hour.
fig. 5 (back cover): Last night on Earth.

Written & performed by We Are Scientists. Published by Sony/ATV Tunes LLC/Somewhat Neat Publishing Company (ASCAP) Except tracks 2, 3, 9 & 10 published by Sony/ATV Tunes LLC/ HEVVY COAR (ASCAP).

Produced & engineered by Ariel Rechtshaid. Mixed by Ryan Hewitt @ The Pass, Los Angeles, CA. Assisted by George Gumbs. Except tracks 4, 6 & 11 mixed by Serban Ghenea @ MixStar Studios, Virginia Beach, VA. Mix engineer @ MixStar Studios: John Hanes. Assistant Engineer: Tim Roberts Mastered by Greg Calbi @ Sterling Sound, NYC.

Additional Engineers: Chris Coady, assisted by Michael Boden, @ The Plant, Sausalito, CA. Greg Gordon, assisted by Josh Smith, @ Sound City, Van Nuys, CA. Dave Schiffman & Ross Hogarth, assisted by Clifton Allen, @ Sunset Sound, Los Angeles, CA.

Drum Technician: Lee Smith for Drum Paradise, North Hollywood, CA.

Additional recording in Ariel's apt. Los Feliz, CA and @ W.A.S. rehearsal studio, Brooklyn, NY. Arrangements by Lewis Pesacov & Ariel Rechtshaid. 'Let's See It' arranged by Matt Squire.

Additional Musicians: Stevie Blacke: Strings. Jamie Muhoberac: B3 organ. Max Hart: DX7, B3 organ. Garrett Ray: Drums. Ariel Rechtshaid: Synthesizers, piano, organ, percussion and other various noises. Kamasi Washington: Saxophone.

Art direction by Ryan Waller.
Photography by Alan Clarke.

We Are Scientists is Keith Murray, Chris Cain, Keith A. Murray & Christopher Cain.

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